# ALAMANCE GLEANE

#### GRAHAM, N. C., **NOVEMBER 19 1878** TUESDAY

### FRANK SHEFTON.

BY STEVEN BRENT. Frank Shelton, you are the most trying girl I ever saw,'

"Thank you my friend, for your com pliment. It shows that you have not lost all your fine spirit yet,' said Miss Shelton in her calm and pleasant voice. 'Don't look at me in that provokingly good humored way for I am really angry with you,' exclaimed Mrs. Melton. 'So I see, by the one sided way your lovely lace collar is pinned on, and the

Every person sending us a club of ten sub-scribers with the eash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the lengh of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices ruffled condition your hair is in." 'To think of your being so foolish as to accept a governess's situation, when your uncle has kindly offered you a home,' continued the lady without heed-No Departure from the Cash System

ing the interruption. Frank's face flushed.

'I do not choose to accept any thing so grudgingly given' she said frankly. 'But you ought to do it for the sake of your family honor.' 'Must I starve or leave the last of my

independence to uphold the family honor? No! no! Annie, I am young, just nineteen, and I shall go down to Beachwood, and teach Mrs. Wilton's five children to read, write, and spell in Webster's Dictionary, and eat the bread earned by my own labor.'

'She rose from her seat, as she spoke, a tall, slender girl, with a proud uplifted head, a clear-cut face, red-brown hair, and brilliant hazel eyes. None of your weak, clinging kind of women with a perpetual dampness about the eyes, and a perpetual moan on the lips, against the wicked world.

but the glory of the name of Shelton had departed. The family tree no longer stood green, and flourishing but lay prone in the dust, and the last of her race, must go to work.

Mrs. Melton sighed. Next to her husband she loved the wilful girl, and it hurt her to think that the dainty hands, must be soiled with vulgar work. She had offered hor a home, but Frank des clined, gently but firmly. Once more she ventured to invite her. "Do Frank, I want your company s

much.' 'No' thank you all the same dear

friend, but my pride would not allow me to live on the charity of my friend.' 'But it would not be charity.'

'Yes it would, though even to you own kind heart, you would not acknowledge it as such.'

him.' So the children rushed down stairs with a savage war whoop, and Frank assisted her employer in directing the Lusy servants. While doing so, Mrs. Wilton talked a great deal about her absent brother. Frank learned that he was thirty-six, very handsome and very fastidious, and had never married, because he had never found a woman that would come np to his standard of ideal excellence. Frank's heart thrilled with indigation.

'Of course if he ever finds this ideal, he thinks she will be ready, and willing to marry him?' Mrs. Wilton opened her eyes in sur-

prise. 'Of course. Who would refuse Phil-

Frank longed to say, that she would if she had the chance, but decided that it was best to say nothing, and so vented. her pent-up wrath against Philip Graham, by tossing his books about as she helped to dust them.

At last the day came when the master of the house, and his friends were ex- like to have?' pected. Late in the afternoon, when school hours were over, Frank went down to the bridge, where cool shadows lay, and where the musical murmur of waters broke the sleepy stillness.

Taking her hat off, she threw up her hands, clasping them across her bare head, and leaning against the railing of the bride, looked down into the water. It had been a trying day, and for once her brave spirit was almost ready to dispair.

'Will you show me the direct road to Beechwood,' said a pleasant voice near her. Frank dropped her hauds, and Frank had come of a proud family; turning faced a gentleman. He was tall and fair, with long blond beard, and haudsome, keen blue eyes. Atter a slight bewildered glauce Frank found her yoice, and said :

'Go up the path into the carriage drive and you will be in sight of the house.' 'Thank you. This is a very cool pleasant place. Delightful for a hot afternoon like this,' removing his hat and fanning with it. 'You are a visitor at Beechwood l presume.' 'No sir, I am the governess.' said Frank

curtly. 'Ah'yes. Does Mrs. Wilton treat you well?

'Mrs. Wilton treats me well. You eem to possess a very inquiring mind sir. Is there anything else you would like to know?' She was realy angry now, and the amused smile in the gen tlemau's eyes, didu't soothe her feelings.

'There is just one more thing I would ike to ask you. Has Mr. Graham Eastern city.

'Miss Shelton allow ne to introduce to thought. A servant brought her a note you my brother, Mr. Graham.' Frank inclined her head halt an inch, and lifting her eyes saw the gentleman she met on the bridge smiling down at her.

That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. From thenceforth they would be enemies. So she vowed, as she looked up at the silver moon, veiled in fleecy clouds.

Days passed; peace and quiet departs ed from Beechwood. There was a contimual bustle, from morning till night. Miss Shelton never mingled with the gay company. She held herself aloof through pride, and they were willing to pass the governess with a careless glance or nod. The men admired her, but her prond. half-trozen manners deterred any of them from seeking her acquaintance.

Frank never spoke to Mr. Graham beyoud a simple good mouning, or good evening until one day she went down to the library to get a book. She was vainly trying to reach the one she wanted, when a white, strong hand took it down for her, and Mr. Graham said :

'Your arm is not long enough to reach so high. Is there any other you would

'No sir, thank you.' looking up and meeting the steady, searching eyes. He smiled. 'I did not know you ever read such

grave books as Carlyle's." Why not sir. Do you think because

am a woman, I must necessarily read nothing but trash. It was altogether unnecessary for Frank to fire up so, but she couldn's have resisted the temptation if she bad tried, and I am sorry to say that she didn't try.

'Of course not. I am very glad that on have a taste for grave books. Our noble authors should be appreciated.' 'Pardon me for my hasty words,' said Frank blushing. I have a very bad tems per.'

Mr. Graham laughed.

'You certainly have a truthful frankness, that I admire; but I am the one to ask pardon for those impertinent questions on the bridge that afternoon. Will you forgive me, Miss Shelton?' There was no loophole of escape and Frank was forced to say yes; and he her ene. my. Verily we know not what a day may bring torth.

Mr. Graham had a remarkably please ant voice, and Frank, tairly charmed from her cold reserve. lingered in the cool, darkened library, and talked to him. It was such a relief to this girl after her long silence to have some one to talk to.

From books their conversation drifted to Italy and Art, and he showed her pictures, gems of art, and bits of statury, and a vase taken from the ruins of an old

from Mrs. Wilton, With a dreary feeling that nothing more could hart her she read : MISS SHELTON:

After your singular behavior this morning, I do not think you are a proper

teacher for my children." Instead of feeling offended, Frank was relieved. She could leave Beechwood and her folly, and some day she would

gain back her self-respect. She was hardly embarrassed when she confronted Mrs. Wilton.

'I would not submit to this insulting dismission if I did not wish to go,' she said, an angry gleam in her hazel eyes, As it is, I flud that the life of a governess does not suit me so your note was very welcome.'

The summer idyl was over, and Miss Shelton left Beechwood without seeing its master any more. She went far away to a little New England village to teach school and her vague dream of authorship changed to reality. She wrote brilliantly, and her articles were eagerly accepted by leading magazines. and what was more important well paid for.

The winter snows piled high and the bitter cold wind shook the bare trees, but Frank dreamed and wrote, trying to crush down the dreary heart sick pain that never found utterance in

sigh or moan. Spring days came, and the soft spring sunshine warmed the frozen earth. Nature awoke to new life putting on her verdant color. One evening tired and spiritless, Frank went out into the orchard. The apple blossoms lay in difts of pink and white on the ground,

and a little stender silver moon, shone through the tender primrose light of the sunset.

Leaning her head against the gnarled trunk of a tree, Frank gave way the lears falling like rain. 'I am so tired, so tired' she moaned

pitifuily. Some cue come softly across the grass towards her.

'Frank.' She litted yer head, and looked into Phillip Granham's face.

'Why did you leave Beechwood so suddenly?' he asked sternly.

had not been something to me?'

The hot color burned like a flame in Franks palo face. She drew back haughtily. 'l ought to feel complimented, that

Miss Thorn's lover has been searching for me.' 'Miss Thorns lover ?'

'Yes, or husband I don't know or can

Gleanings.

NO, 37

Dora Goodale, one of the regular con-tributors to Scribner's, is only Il years old

In Boston the church bel's rang to annoance the hour for opening the polls for the voters.

The hquor drinkers of Virginia are reported to have put nearly \$850,000 into the State treasury, as indicated by the bellpunch.

Lucia Zarath, a dwarf 15 years old and weighing 4 3.4 pounds, is to be exing in an ordinary silk hat her head just peers a love.

During the yellow fover epidemic thurty-one Protestant clergy and two Roman Catholic priests died. One Jewish rabbi and eighteen Sisters of Charity also perished—all dying to serve others.

"To be a good Democrat," says a party organ, "is to do one's whole dury to his party." Well, that's all right; but to be a good patriot is to do one's whole duty to his country, and that is better.— Richmond (Va.) State.

"What is the national air of this country?" asked a foreigner in Washington. "That's the national lair," replied a nas-tivo, pointing to the Capitol, "but the animals are all out in the jungle just now, chasing voues."

The young man had been giving his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half-hour, when the ol.t man said, with nice courtesy, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you in-tend to begin learning?"

A mature lady was makidg herself onspicuous at the opera by talking loudly to two young men accompanying her. —"What a bad example that women is giving her sons," said in a stage whisper to a spectator in an adjoining box. No further disturbance from that source.

Tourist (to fair companion)—How quiet and lovely I Surely this might be a spot the poet had in mind when ho said, "Silence reigns." Guide—Ah, and ye may say that same; and thunders, too yer honor.

At a recent fashionable marriage in London, the bridegroom requested bride to order her own jewels. This she suddenly? he asked sternly. 'Is that anything to you sir?' 'Yes, do you suppose that I would have searched for you so long, if it

Words are little things, but they strike words, We utter them so easily that we are apt to forget their bidden power. Fitly spoken they are like sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hall, and dev vastating tempests

The Was' ington Post says: For some time past Mrs. Vinnis team Hoxie has been engaged upon a month for an been engaged upon a model for an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee, and Monday she goes, accompanied by her husband, Lieut. Hoxie, to Rich-mond, with it. A commission appointed to select a model for a statue meet there to-day, and Mrs. Hoxie is among the

Thursday Horaiag October 17th 1878. The Sux will be published by the Sux Associa-riox, from the Printing House of Messrs, Jack-son & Bell. It will be printed in first-class style, on good paper, with new type, and will be the handsomest daily journal ever published in this State. The Sux will be edited by Mr. Cicero W. Harris. The City Editorship and the Business Management will be in competent and a correspondent and Representa-tive will travel throughout the State. Trobably no paper has ever started in the South with fairer prospects than those of the Sux. Certainly no North Carolina paper has entered the field under nore auspicious cir-cumstances. The Sux has Thursday Morning October 17th 1878.

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ondence solicited. THE SUN, Wilmington N. C. Interesting corresp Address,



Well, well perhaps you know best.' 'I do know best Annie,' laying her hand on her friend's shoulders' and smiling in her rare sweet way. 'You are the best little women in the world and. would be perfectly willing for me to idle away the rest of my life here, but I will not impose on you. Good-bye now; and don't worry yourself into a shadow, so rude, but she was so tired that the thinking about me. I shall do well, rest

assured. Two week later Miss Shelton was a Beachwood, and had tasted of the joys and sorrows of a governess's life.

Mrs. Wilton was very kind, and agreeable, but the five small children were five small imps of Satan.

'Make them obey you Miss Shelton,' said their mother. 'Poor dears they never did have a good governess, so I expect they are a little wild."

That was the first morning Frank entered on her new work. / Making them obey was very easily done in theory, but almost impossible in practice, and before the day was over, Frank wondered how it was people considered children a bless ing.

She liked her situation very well, despite the five drawbacks. There was a fine piano, and a good library at her disposal, the Beachwood grounds were were a constant pleasure, they were so beautiful; with paths all through the park, and a picturesque bridge across the room Philip Graham was weighing her and mossy banks.

One morning, two months after Miss Shelton came to Beachwood, and just as she had ordered master Fred to stand in the corner, for pulling his sister's hair, ing none of those little mistakes that Mrs. Wilton came in with a letter in her hand,

order, as he will bring company with up and said:

home yet?'

'Not that I know of.' 'You haven't seen him then?' 'No, and I hope I never may. Now will you please go on?"

'Certainly.' He litted his hat and passed on. After he was gone, Frank felt ashamed, and angry, that she had been man's coolness irritated her beyond endurance. Going back to the house she

started to her own room, when she met Mrs. Wilton.

'They are all here,' she cried, 'and [ then into the dream world, from which Miss Shelton will you please come down this evening to play some? You have a very fine touch, and then I want dear Philip to see you he is so particular about the children.'

Frank felt that she positively hated dear Philip, Mrs. Wilton and the whole world, as she locked her room door. 'To think of having me on exhibition

down stairs,' she said wrathfully. 'Oh! how hateful it is to be poor !'

After dressing she walked up to the mirror, and looked at herselt in a grave, meditative way, and certainly there was none down stairs that looked better than this queenly young beggar. The black gauzy dress, relieved by crimson roses at her belt, was emiuently becoming, and when Mrs. Wilton sent for her, she went down and across the drawing room to the piano, without giving one glance to the company, her pride revolting from the thought, that from some part of the

large brook, with its crystal clear water, in the balance, to see it she was worthy of the very honorable situation of governess to those five little wretches up stairs. None of the inward tumult was

visible in Frank's calm, composed face. She played as well as she ever did, mak-

'Can't you give the children a holiday Miss Shelton? My brother is coming home, and I must have the house put in

It was a pleasant hour, a dash of color in Frank's sober life, and she did not forget it. Gradually, though she would not 'Your sister.' acknowledge it to her own proud heart. she began to look forward to the chance

meetings on the stairs, the half hours in the library, when her every day lite of toil slipped away and something new and sweet came in its place.

There was no sentiment between them. Love was never mentioned.

The long tranquil summer days passed and Frank drifted to the borders, and

we can never return. We may turn away hurt and disappointed, and grow hard and cynical; but some of the romance of our youth will still cling to us, and when

in the dim lighted border land, we wait for Death's touch to put us to sleep, it lies a sweet memory in our hearts.

One morning Mrs. Wilton called Frank into her room.

Has my brother told you the news Miss Shelton?' she asked with a smile. "What news do you refer to Mrs. Wilton?

' Nhy, that he is engaged.' The governess's face never changed. She had not even looked surprised. 'No, Mr. Granham has never told me that he was engaged,' she answered steadily.

'Yes dear Philip has found his ideal, and I am so glad. Tressa is a sweet girl.

Frank actually laughed. Mrs. Wilton's eves flashed angrily.

What are you laughing at Miss Shelton, I would like to know?'

"Why at the absurd idea of your intellectual brother finding his ideal in silly Tressa Thorn,' and with another scornful laugh. Frank walked back into the school room. For a minute she show a confused mind. She knew that stood by the open window, white and some one was standing by her, but still. a shaued humiliated feeling

-a long shuddering sigh ended\_ the

#### which.'

'Who told you that/I was engaged to Miss Thorn ?' he asked quietly.

Would her womanly pride carry her through? He came close, and clasped her white folded hand in his. 'Is that the reason you left Beechwood?

Frank, be still darling, until I explain never was engaged to any one. It was a mistake. I never loved any one but you Frank; my proud Frank; and darling, don't send me away now that I have found you.'

I am poor and unknown, and-'Is that all?'

'Yes.' Then I have won my wife.' 'But Philip where is your ideal?' after long silence

a long silence. 'Here,' lifting her face, and kissing her smiling lips. 'I would not have thought of loving you, if you hadn't been my ideal. Now are you contented?' 'Perfectly.' No other readers to it.

'Perfectly.' No other word could have expressed it so well. Perfectly contented. Through all her life, Frank Shelton never regret-ted the spirit of independence that caused her to reject the charity of friends, and go out to earn her own living.

#### GARDENS AND GARDENING.

"As DENNS AND GARDENING. I am extremely desirions,'says the ex-Premier of Eugland, Mr. Gladstone, in his recent speech, 'that this persuit should be propagated and extended among yon. I love it for its own sake; it' is delightful to see the county smilling with cottage gardens; it gladdens the eye and gladdens the heart. Unfortunately a great many of our modern pursuits, tend to make this earth which God bas made so beautist, s'minable and ugly. Now, s garden besides being beautiun itself, is a sign, a symbol of good habits for example, in the first place, those who keep their gardens tidy and nice will try to have their' houses nice and tidy; and a house inhabited by a tidy woman is often more eligible than a superior one inhabited by one who is not

Women suffrage has been discu anew in the Vermont Legislature, the immediate issue being whether women should be permitted to vote for school Judge Poland advocated thy trustees. restriction of the privilege to unmarried women, because he deemed married wo-men sufficiently represented by their hus-bands. The entire measure was voted down.

WELL SAID .- Annie and Lilly were going from school together one afternoon. going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lilly to go off somewhere and play with her. "Sut mother told me to come right home from school," said Lilly. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away tor a hi-tle while," naughty Annie said. "But God has not gone away; he would know," Lilly replied, as she ran home as fast as she could.

HE WANTED TO BE THERE .- The Boston Transcript has beard of a case where a young man applied to his em-ployer for a short leave of absence. The ployer for a short leave of absence. The employer, having his own views of his business, suggested, for a reason, that the young man delay his vacation a few days. "I would," replied the young man, "but the fact is, I am going away to get married, the day is appointed, and I want to be there when it comes off."

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE .- She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her White-hall country consin. While walking out, several butterflies passed her. "Oh, dear me, what channing little "On, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite." "They are not birds, my dear," replie I her country cousin, "they are butter-

woman is often more eligible than a superior one inhabited by one who is not tidy. You know how important is to that a house and everything about it should be kept tidy—how much it has to do with the peace and comfort of a tapily."

## She lifted her head. 'How dare you !' she cried.